

# **BOZART and Contemporary Verse**

*Combining JAPM and The Oracle*

EDITED BY ERNEST HARTSOCK

ASSO. ED. BENJAMIN MUSSER



SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER  
1930

BOX 67, STATION E, ATLANTA, GA.

# BOZART and Contemporary Verse

Containing Lyrics and The Lyric

Edited by ROBERT L. BART

with an Introduction by the Editor



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# Four Poems for a New Philosophy

By ERNEST HARTSOCK

## O TEMPORA!

We have no time to live. Our days are full  
With mortgages of clamor and of malice.  
We have no fever for the miracle,  
No avarice for violets and valleys.  
In banks and palaces we put our trust  
And reap the gold of brawny men who toil  
In simple splendor with the decent dust.  
We are not worthy of the living soil.

We have no time, whose planes and motors speed  
Across a continent like meteors—  
No time for silence yet a life for greed  
And civic rape and stark typhoons of wars.  
But for all rapture men once called sublime,  
In our swift leisure, God, we have no time!

## STIRRUP CUP

Horizons widen and the skies expand,  
Cosmologies and creeds wax dim and hoary.  
No longer is the earth time's only glory,  
And Galilee no longer is God's land.

From jumbled globes of Ptolemaic glass  
The world was freed when down the firmament  
Copernicus and Galileo went  
Bringing a vaster universe to pass.

New martyrs blazing with immortal zeal  
Have flung the heavens farther, until man  
No longer monarch of a mystic plan  
Becomes a mute Ixion on earth's wheel.

What of his pomp and pride, whose dream is  
broken,  
Who drifts, a derelict on cosmic seas?  
O let him face the clean eternities  
Holding the past before him as a token:

We know in part and prophesy in part;  
Through faith in unknown knowledges we came  
Borne upward out of darkness into flame,  
Triumphant through the courage of the heart!



## LACRIMAE RERUM

Searchers of God in high unhappy places,  
Know He is found and never will be found.  
Know in the heavens He has ten thousand faces;  
His eye is every firefly on the ground.

His infinite enmists us like the rain,  
Each drop a tear, a star, a bubble sky,  
Whose crystal riddles mind cannot explain  
And heart alone can hope to clarify.

We walk in dream where myriads more have  
walked,  
Pressed hard by glitter and by discontent;  
Brain aches for truth and brain is subtly balked,  
For beauty is its sole emolument.

The moment crucifies us. Heavens collapse  
With every leaf that crackles from its limb.  
The spider's bridge knits up eternal gaps;  
The cricket sets the rhythm for seraphim.

While Jupiters and Thors curse overhead  
The gods above the gods, rule upon rule,  
The moons of ants split agate as we tread;  
Utopias ferment each molecule.

Out of the tempest of our breath and sense  
We break before minute catastrophes,  
Knowing a stone holds all magnificence—  
Space has no splendor terrible as trees!

Are we inexorably battled in  
With momentary marvels? Can no word  
In this our fierce dilemma of chagrin  
Cry out beyond the silence and be heard?

Each heartbeat is the answer of Death's axe:  
Our amaranth is thorn to nail the brow.  
The laughter of the drunken trumpets cracks  
Relentless wrath: Apocalypse is Now.

In dauntless isolation we must stand,  
Transfixed in pity at the tears of things,  
Struck dumb before the panoramic hand—  
*Swept by the rush of archangelic wings!*

## OVERTONES

The gnat and midge, attuned to minute dirges,  
Go undisturbed by tuba and by drum,  
Each in his sphere beset by singing urges,  
Each at his music thunderstruck and dumb.

And men with ears for fiercer song delight  
In lyric miracles that break the soul;  
With trumpets they are barbarous by night;  
With organ shouts their spirits are made whole.

They know a bugle vibrates with such mirth  
That beakers crack with one syllabic blow;  
Volcanic fugues shatter the aspen earth;  
A golden horn may topple Jericho!

Above them soar the thundering Pleiades  
In polyphonic hymns too vast to hear;  
With chants antiphonal the stones and trees  
Echo earth's Orphic threnody of fear.

So wise men hush in wonder at no word  
Like Keats raptured by flutes upon an urn,  
Knowing that all things sing if rightly heard  
And glory is the goal of those that yearn.

## RICHARD BLAINE

We smiled when people spoke of Richard Blaine,  
And sighed for what he was;—then smiled again  
When our wives coughed and thought it looked  
like rain.

He knew no God, nor Creed, nor Social Code,  
And Civic Welfare was his lightest load,  
Yet children laughed when passing his abode.  
He worked to eat, and did not eat to work.  
He borrowed when he tired as a clerk,  
And where the cups were, he was known to lurk.  
He mused on many distant, idle things,  
Like far off lands, and half-forgotten kings,  
And why the child, grown up, no longer sings.

Oh, we still smile, (for years have passed in vain),  
And sigh when people speak of Richard Blaine.

—SAMUEL KUTNICK.

## AGAIN—LOVE

For this Etruria burned high to flame,  
And Egypt made from nothingness her gods;  
And far, some Adriatic land brought claim,  
To paradise, with swords of brazen shame,  
That colored alien sods!

For this Iran, for this Achaea gave,  
Their two-fold streams to make the one-way  
tide;  
And Italy low-numbered every wave,  
To know by number of each heart and grave,  
From which no faith has died.

For this—the Macedonian and the Moor  
Lived all the round of love and hate and lust;  
For this the hostile and the anchored oar,  
For this a heaven—and the nevermore—  
The tablets and the dust.

For this—and we, too, pass as they and know—  
Quick pulse and heart to every long-dead vein—  
That though blood breaks from all the long ago,  
For love's one coin we grasp the costliest woe,  
Again. Again. Again.

—VIRGINIA STAIT.

## TO ROBINSON JEFFERS

Here all the pain of earth converges to  
One throat—one mouth—one single terrible cry.  
As, in a furnace fueled by gases, through  
The fusing flame the quartz melts cruelly,  
So now the fevered bubble of the brain  
Housed in its bony skull, the crucified  
And tongueless hawk, the eagle on his chain,  
The coughing ewe with udders ripped and side  
Clawed by the puma, the stallion screaming death,  
The steer with eyeless sockets charred by fire—  
All these send up a cry with every breath  
Which now is focused in one stricken crier.  
Here hate and love are twined with anguish so  
That living mocks at dying's clownish show.

—ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT.



## FAUTE DE MIEUX

Wisdom comes with the years, and this is the way  
of it:

The crafty mind in devious ways conspiring  
To husband flesh, and hide the slow decay of it—  
Flesh, that was song, and a torch, and a sword  
untiring!

Wisdom comes with the years, shrewdly belittling  
Grapes out of reach; and teaching that men are  
fed

On half-loaves, and birds in the hand; and whit-  
tling

Dreams to the measure of Time's Procrustean  
bed.

Wisdom comes with the years, when scorched old  
fingers

Stiffen with cold for dread of the reckless flame;  
When the tamed eye dulls, and horizons wake no  
hungers

In a heart that knows all lands dreary and  
much the same.

Wisdom comes with the years, and stoutly we  
treasure it,

Making a virtue of poverty, wielding a a crutch  
Like a sceptre. And how should youth learn  
if we secretly measure it

As something better than famine, though not  
much?

—TED OLSON.

## THE SURGEON

Now he begins: his fingers feel

The tiny burning bit of steel:

They move, obedient to a star

Unseen by us: his sure hands are

So swift that the swift hands of death

Are held: there is one slender breath

Between the two, so delicate

No callipers can measure it

Save those he holds—I *think there is*

*No act so near to God as his.*

—WILFRED J. FUNK.



## AUTUMN FIRE

Here we heap October's tatters.  
Gather up her ravelled ends.  
For a bonfire of illusion.  
For a burning down of dream.

Rake the leaf the maple scatters.  
Pull the pod the milkweed spends.  
Pile the cinnamon vine and dahlia,  
Aster stalk and lily blade.

(Shelter the match—their bed is made.  
Wind and frost conspired to spread it.)

Now the ritual smoke ascends.

Godspeed, illusion.  
And dream, Godspeed.  
Your color and breath's  
Asleep in the seed.

Now the ribs show sharp—  
Clean rock and bough—  
The pattern is cut  
To reality now.

The delicate ash  
Is lost on the air.  
But the strong takes heart  
In a world stripped bare.

Before it's dissembled  
Under the snows  
He grapples the fact  
And he knows what he knows.

—M. KRAFT.

## MANY

The minorest of minors was his fate:  
The universe within him reeled and cried  
For cataclysmic phrasing; but he died  
Incapable and inarticulate.

—MONROE HEATH.

## OMNIPOTENT

Thou God, who set the universe to spinning  
And flung the stars along the milky way,  
Who spun the earth into its pale beginning  
And hold the bonds of its eternal day;  
Who loved the slender impulse into being  
And gave to all things beautiful a name,  
And, when the blind have no more need of seeing,  
Will reaccept them into endless flame;  
Thou who can rear a mountain without motion,  
And cause a drop of dew to disappear,  
And bury continents beneath an ocean,—  
Creator and Annihilator, hear!  
Now in the full conviction of my sin,  
Oh, make this night as if it had not been.

—KATHARINE B. SWIFT.

## PERSIMMONS

Persimmons,  
Plucked green,  
Leave the mouth puckered  
With their bitterness;  
Plucked ripe,  
Their tang adds relish  
To their mellow flavor.

Young man—  
Why do you cry for fame?

—FRANCIS DRAKE.

## NOMAD

I ride the sands away from the holy places  
Into the vague and vast;  
I seek the desert's heart—the ultimate spaces  
Where I shall lie at last.

I fear no djinn; no genie shall appal me,  
No unseen demon foe;  
I hear the urgent voice of the great waste call me,  
And so I rise and go.

I will have heaven for dome, the dunes for pylons,  
The winds for avatars;  
I will have solace in eternal silence,  
And in eternal stars.

—CLINTON SCOLLARD.



## VALEDICTORY OF AUTOLYCUS

I have been singing  
Season on season,  
Joyed in birds winging,  
And great bells ringing;  
Seen truth in treason.

Love, out of wonder,  
Shapes a religion.  
Skies hold no thunder  
Straining to sunder  
Eagle and pigeon.

Oddly a cross is  
Being made ready.  
Nature embosses  
Spring graves with mosses:  
Stay, sexton, steady!

Golgotha looks over  
Fields that are fertile.  
Relishing clover,  
Bees yet would hover  
In myrrh or myrtle.

Strange flies are coming.  
After wild honey;  
Hérons are homing,  
Vultures are roaming  
Skies not too sunny.

Still to be sowing  
Seeds that hereafter  
Men may be mowing;  
Gone—may my going  
Stifle no laughter.

—WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

## *The Jaguar*

Caged in iron bolt and bar  
Pads a golden jaguar—  
Smoulder-spotted, pansy-pied  
Over the lightning of his hide.

People pass—or pause to stare  
At him in his proud despair  
Turning, turning, turning there.

Now the barriers of his doom  
Hold him in a narrow room  
Where sunlight falling through the pane  
Pales upon his burning stain.

Lunar green within his eyes,  
Pallid fire gleams and dies.  
Far off he stares—he does not see  
His cage's dull propinquity.  
And death and terror in his gaze  
Glimmer with a cold amaze.

\* \* \*

Once he saw the dawn that comes  
In colors like the throb of drums;  
And the Amazon that flows  
A python made of burning rose.

There the rustling forests brood  
In green cloudy solitude,  
Tangled with the lustrous twine  
Of the wild vanilla-vine  
And the lush, fantastical,  
Fierce lianas over all.  
And there down tree-top roads a troop,  
Frolic-tailed, of monkeys loop,  
While above their madcap ways  
Rainbow flocks of parrots blaze,  
Or wheel against the smouldering blue—  
Bronze beaks making fierce halloo.  
And beneath their copper clang—  
Death's living boughs—the pythons hang;



Or a coral serpent lies  
With cold, filmy, lilac eyes.  
There the mighty forests billow  
Over sloth and armadillo;  
And the little jungle deer  
Feed—their eyes a pool of fear.  
Ocelots in green twilight  
Of the tree-tops, smoulder bright—  
Freckled flames that sleep; or run  
Agate-eyed when day is done.  
And the Indian, bronze-dark,  
Sees the sun, a copper spark,  
Quenched in sudden shadowy seas  
Of liana-netted trees;  
And Trembles as he hears a cry  
Clang against night's violet sky—  
The jaguar leaping on his game  
Sudden like a pangsied flame—  
Terrible as a living sword—  
Of beasts the Lord, of man the Lord!

\* \* \*

*Fallen now, he still can stare  
Past the bars of his despair.  
The jaguar is far away  
In the splendid jungle day—  
In the jungle day where he  
Was and nevermore shall be.*

*Heir of lordly heritage  
Shrunken to an iron cage,  
Burning gold and ebon stain  
Fierce and beautiful in vain,  
To and fro, to and fro,  
In a blur of dream you go,  
And alien eyes can stare and see,  
Intimate, your agony.*

*Yet still before you freedom lies:  
Death is pallid in your eyes:  
Courage, Comrade! Life can do  
But a little more to you!*

—E. MERRILL ROOT.

## CATALOGUE

The oak-gall surface is smooth and cool,  
Like a billiard ball,  
Polished and veined like wood;  
There are hundreds of little marbles the oaks drop,  
Downy like peach bloom and warm to the hand;  
The eucalyptus cups are ridged and carved,  
Blue-grey like slate,  
And the bark curls and crackles and tears like  
sacking petrified;  
The bay leaves sting to the smell  
When you crush them,  
And their nuts are enameled and menacingly  
pungent;  
The maple seed is single-sailed like a gallant  
ship,  
Manzanita twigs are burnished copper,—  
Your fingers roll down them like water;  
The Filaree's dart stands straight in your sleeve,  
Braced against the spiralling of his flexible spear.  
The under surface of the dwarf-marigold's leaf  
Peels a white skin;  
Periwinkles deflowered,  
Carry a miniature paint-brush in their hearts;  
Grasses have metal shrieks hidden in their blades  
When blown between taut thumbs;  
There is a prickly pod harbors its seeds  
Like a bird's eggs,  
Green and later brown, and curled in a flat pad;  
Nasturtium seeds are diced,  
And divide at your nail's bidding;  
Veronica leaves fold like alternate praying hands,  
One within another;—pine needles tied at the  
tip,  
Are witches' brooms.

Have you balanced a drop of water in a nastur-  
tium leaf,  
And seen it run, quicksilver?  
Tasted the honey in the flower's vial?  
Blown through its trumpet the high surprising  
note?  
Have you felt the furry buds of magnolia,  
Their woody candle seed—the white flower petals  
Turning to leather-tan at your finger's pressure,

Or with your nail etched brown designs into its  
ivory?  
Have you found the succulent bit  
At the end of oat-stalks?  
Pressed the milky circle from the hollow stem of  
the dandelion?

Have you blown its fuzzy bubble?  
Have you found the end of a speckled egg-shell,  
Lined with the paper-tough film, among the oak  
leaves?  
Bird feathers—breast ones curly at the shank,  
Quill ones woven compactly—a peacock's painted  
panache?  
Or a snake's skin, linked and transparent and  
brittle?  
Pond shells, vacated, but tenanted by mud,  
Have you seen them grow amber in the clean-  
ing?—

Have you gathered all these to finger through  
negligent hours,  
To hide in the pocket of time?

—FLORA J. ORNSTEIN.

### IN TALL IRON TREES (*A Construction Pastoral*)

On the edge of the city's most populous green  
Is an unquiet riotous woodland scene;  
Up in a forest of tall iron trees,  
Woodpeckers rattling, shatter the breeze,  
Tapping on branches long and flat,  
With a never diminishing rat-a-tat-tat,  
Digging red bugs from a bed of live coals,  
Tossing them, plugging them into round holes,  
Drilling and tapping, rippity-rapping,  
Not a split second for pausing or napping;  
Rattle and riddle the woods with their roar,  
And vanish precisely at half after four.

—ROGER L. WARING.

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## SPARROWS

Skylark and nightingale—they soar too far  
For us to follow: the Samuel Pepys of birds,  
The sparrows, are closer to our faltering words,  
The tragic and comic of our humble star.

Whether in gentler mood they thread the slums  
Of cities, brown Franciscans of the poor,  
Sandalled by Charity herself, and sure  
That Pity is universal as her crumbs;

Whether they haunt the brimming life of parks,  
The tree-curves dripping all the molten hours  
With gouts of crystal, while the fountain showers  
Its lively silver, and the band embarks

On yet and yet more sparkling seas of sound;  
Whether stout-beaked as Romans, lean and scarred,  
Ere Spring they battle in a frozen yard  
With very lust of living, they are found

Bone of our bone, blood of our blood. And when  
They die, they die in silence and apart;  
They ask no dawn to weep with pious heart,  
They ask no sunset for a pumped amen.

They haunt our race forever; their dear feet  
Rasped on the tiles of earliest Babylon  
And entered kingliest dreams; and when far gone  
The centuries are, and man in Starry Street

Flings out his furtherest gable that receives  
The spear-sharp challenge of the polar glitter,  
Somehow he will be lost, unless their twitter  
Cry courage from his crystal-dripping eaves.

—GEOFFREY JOHNSON.







## PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

By ERNEST HARTSOCK



*White April*, by Lizette Woodworth Reese (Farrar & Rinehart, New York. \$1.50).

Very little new is to be said about a new book by the veteran lyricist, Lizette Woodworth Reese. It has been said before past contradiction that Miss Reese stands at the top of Southern lyric poets, evidencing a meticulous loveliness of pattern and design. Her moods are substantially gentle and tender—essentially feminine. As one reads her verses, one enters into her style and her intimate limitations of theme and treatment, and one is able to gain thereby a clearer perspective on the work of a score or more of Southern women poets, following in her delicately pressed footsteps, not fully realizing that Miss Reese epitomizes a school and a movement, and is its exquisite mistress. One becomes accustomed even to the characteristic and repeated rhymes: "God-clod," "pass-grass," and "breath-death," and one feels again the reminiscence of the best of a gone generation, a perfume of orris and mint and lavender. The poetry of Lizette Reese may be deficient in passion; it may not be heroic in intensity or accent. But it is wholesomely sweet, like the pungent geranium.

*A Breadline for Souls*, by Gloria Goddard (Lewis Copeland, New York).

The style of Gloria Goddard consists chiefly of adherence to several rather praiseworthy principles, including realistic description, dexterous metaphor, and experimental temerity. The result is very often accurate though sometimes irrelevant description, intensely stated, but generally devoid of sustained verbal harmony. Though not always is the description fresh, as may be seen from a glimpse at the fourteen-line poem, *A SYCAMORE IN SPRING*, where one finds the following somewhat frayed expressions: "raucous crow," "creeping stealthily," "throbbing kiss," and at least five very customary adjectives. One is almost constantly aware of a real striving after verbal force; but the method is too frequently that of prose or of impressionistic verse not quite restrained or condensed to utter significance. There are some intense passages in the volume, however; and there is a general impression of alert and sensitive striking at the stars.

*They Rise Accusing*, by Clyde Robertson (Henry Harrison, New York. \$1.50).

The somewhat moralistic attitude established in the title poem of Mrs. Robertson's volume of verse is perhaps the worst blemish in a

book filled with poems which are diverse in subject matter and sometimes pleasantly realistic. Such poems as "Oil Field" and "Men as Trees Walking" indicate that there is latent in the mine of Mrs. Robertson's consciousness the capacity for better work, however, than many of the verses in this volume would indicate. When the poet so far forgets her calling as to rhyme Freud as in "Repression," or to belittle Oscar Wilde in a sonnet dedicated to the immortal, if immoral, author of "Reading Gaol," one feels that her energies have been considerably misdirected. . . . In point of technique, several faults consistently mar otherwise neatly fabricated verses: inversions of adjective and noun, in the French fashion; occasional lapses of rhyme (*alone* and *home*); and such outworn euphemisms as "moor and fen," "velvet sheen," and "bonnie hue." One especially remarkable passage describes a gingerbread man as having a "naval" of "raisons"! We'll blame that on the hungry linotyper. The author's descriptions are often more lucid than that, and show an appreciation for vivid words.

*Two Dorrance Books* (Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.).

In *Lincoln Remembers*, Edna Davis Romig presents a series of sonnets presumably spoken by the immortal Emancipator over a period of four years just before his death. The poems have historic accuracy and some occasional lines of singing insight into the mystic president. Such rhymes as "task" and "asked," "street" with "weep," "jeans" with "seems," and others, seem to indicate that the author doesn't have a complete grasp of technique, or is devoted to very loose assonances. *Youth Turns in His Sleep*, by Richard Charles Gillespie ranges from really good lyrics to really ordinary sonnets; but the most eloquent portion of the book is the *Memorial to T. V.*, which is filled with a very aching tenderness in memory of one who went away to war and came not back again. These lyrics, reminiscent of portions of "In Memoriam," are like the arm of a friend softly on the shoulder.

*Black Poppies*, by Jan Isbelle Fortune (Southwest Press, Dallas, Texas).

When groups of poets write in a given locality, by the centrifugal force of their communion, they very often come to write in the same manner. One may find in the work of Jan Isbelle Fortune, winner of the 1929 Book Award of the Poetry Society of Texas, a mosaic of influences from the recent Texas poetry revival—a little of Babb, and Greer, and Crowell, and others. But one finds, particularly in the passionate but not too constant sonnets, a personality which is the voice of an individual; it misses the note of thalassic nostalgia and lyric ecstasy for a true and passionate expression of feeling. Too often the ballads about red-lipped Spanish maidens, or flying-haired gypsy wantons, bear the suspicion of imitation, though the influence is not overpowering. After her emotions have been exploited rather colorfully, however, Miss Fortune has had her say; her romantic, if somewhat gusty, loves needs more of the deeper current which sometimes emerges through the billows.

## GOSSIP ON PARNASSUS

Albert & Charles Boni wrote to the editor of *The Poet* (Cincinnati) that "We have no poetry editor . . . we do not publish verse in book form either, if we can help it." Encouraging news for Messrs. M. Van Doren and G. Lapolla, whose *Junior Anth. of World Poetry* appears under A. & C. Boni impress. Also, poets will give A. & C. Boni a wide berth hereafter.—The administrators of D. H. Lawrence's estate have asked Aldous Huxley to collect his letters.—Robert Nichols believes no epic will be written of the World War. We're glad to know that. The World War was already ruined by novelists. Nichols goes on to say "The modern poet is profoundly puzzled by the mystery and complexity of life, and profoundly puzzled men do not write epics."—Dec. 10 will mark the natal centenary of America's greatest woman poet. One guess as to her name.—Wm. Kenneth Moyer, typical and esteemed member of the Rebel Poets group, who made a marriage contract stipulating that either Bill or his frau could obtain a divorce if no child was born to them within two years, has torn up that contract. They were married last January and became parents Aug. 12th, same year. Quite safely within the time limit.—Your editor has accepted the presidency of the Atlanta Writers' Club. Mr. Hartsock is also and has long been one of the two American Vice-Presidents of the Empire Poetry League, the other being Jay G. Sigmund.—Merrill Moore, junior Fugitive, has won the Sinkler prize of the Poetry Soc. of S. Carolina with his book, *The Noise that Time Makes*.—Has Miss Monroe ever addressed an audience or written an article in which she did not assume that there is but one poetry mag, the little green brochure edited by Harriet Monroe? See her "review" of *Imagist Anthology* 1930, in July *Poetry*.

Anton Romatka is seeking contributors and subscribers to make successful a *Dictionary of Versification* on which he has long been at work. I have seen the proposed table of contents and can assure you it will be the most complete book of its kind ever compiled, making Untermeyer's *The Forms of Poetry* and Clement Wood's *The Craft of Poetry* look like nothing at all. If interested, as you should be, write to Mr. Romatka for details, 6 E. 14th St., New York City.—Harry Bristol Williams, poetry ed. of *Whip and Spur*, 5972 Clemens Ave., St. Louis, Mo., offers a book contest: he will publish gratis five books of verse, one poet to a book, each poet entering contest agreeing to buy the five volumes at \$2 a copy, whether or not his or her book Miss. are chosen as one of the five for publication. For \$10 you thus have five chances to have your book published gratis; if you lose you have five rival poets on your shelves.—William Alexander Percy, whose volume of *Selected Poems* has been published by Yale Univ. Press (\$3), is editor of The Yale Series of Younger Poets, that well-known medium for free publication of books by poets under thirty.—D. Maitland Bushby's anthology of *Short Lyrics* died before birth, through no



fault of the editor of *Tom-Tom*. His publisher has "left for parts unknown," and with him the collected moneys forwarded for the compilation. Mait offers to reimburse from his own pocket all contributors whose checks he personally collected; his address is Box 214, Humboldt, Arizona.—Jack Conroy, 224 W. Pacemont Rd., Columbus, Ohio, is American representative of the "Studies" Library and of The Mitre Press, and reviewer for *Home and Abroad*. He proposes the compiling of an anthology of the year's worst verse, if he can get contributors' loving assent, slide around libel suits and find a brave publisher. Only the brave deserve the worst.

Murray L. Marshall of *Sonnet Sequences* eloped to Brattleboro, Vt., brought home a bride, and put her to work as his assistant. His magazine also has a trousseau: *Sonnet Sequences* has donned heavy paper and very attractive typography.—October *Poetry* will have a new cover, designed by Eric Gill, in honor of Miss Monroe's nineteenth birthday.—July *Good Housekeeping* had "another little poem by Grace Coolidge." Another little \$250 for Mrs. Cal?—Jessie B. Rittenhouse and John Richard Moreland have become advisory editors of *Kaleidoscope* (Dallas, Texas).—*Blues* now has 24 subscribers, I'm told, and Lew Ney printed 700 copies of the eighth issue. Ch. Henri Ford, *Blues* editor, home again in Columbus, Miss., is writing the novel of the century. His co-editor, Parker Tyler, has a book Ms. in publisher's hands, poetry and how. They plan to go to Paris. Harold Salemsen, ed. of *Tambour* (Paris) plans to come to America. Plans are things that get busted. I planned to winter in Bermuda; at this minute it seems an apartment in Washington is the forlorn compromise.—A correction: Albert Philip Cohen is editor of *Poetry Quarterly*, 332 E. 74th St., N. Y. City. He offers no prizes and does not pay for Mss., but has a fine little mag.—The second volume of *Folk-Say: A Regional Miscellany*, 1930, edited by Ben Botkin, will be ready in Sept., University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, "price about \$3.00."—Harold Salemsen announces that the eighth issue, second series, of *Tambour*, "will not immediately be followed by another." Isn't that a cute way of announcing a death?

William Sawyer donated his appendix recently to a Nashville Hospital. Geo. P. Putnam of G. P. Putnam's Sons, has become Vice-President of Brewer & Warren, formerly Payson & Clarke. The Bozart Press has moved its offices to a hillside lodge built by the editor at 2495 Briarcliff Rd., Atlanta, Ga., amid pines and squirrels and other literary phenomena. Henry Harrison, New York publisher, wants it clearly understood that he wasn't the Henry (Sydnor) Harrison who died in Atlantic City in July. It must of been two other fellows.

Your assoc. editor spent two days and other things in New York as house guest of Henry Harrison, who is to publish Ben's *Selected Poems* before Christmas. Dwight Strickland of Philadelphia and Clarence L. Haynie of Atlanta were callers at Ben's place in Atlantic City, and Sam M. Steward, author of *Pan and the Fire-bird*, was Sept. house



guests before Ben closed up the works and went to hibernate in Washington.—Perpetuation of the weird Gullah melodies, chanted and sung by slaves of their ancestors, is the object of a Charleston, S. C., society recently formed.—I overheard this in a department store, and sadly, sadly pass it on to you: "What the hell good is a book after you read it? Didja ever read a book twicet?"—And this one is from a so-called funny paper: "I have a friend who is a poet. What kind of a book do you think would be appropriate for me to send him?" "A book of postage stamps."

—ATTICUS MUS.

#### \$25 FREE VERSE AWARD

Benjamin Musser, sole judge of the \$25 Free Verse Prize offered by Ernest Hartsock, for the best poem in this form appearing in *BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE* during Volume III, has announced the award to Albert E. Clements of Hudson, N. Y., for his poem "Country to be Traveled" in the July-August, 1930, issue. Mr. Musser makes especial mention of Kathleen Millay's poem "Magdalene to Galatea."

#### FOURTH \$25 BI-MONTHLY AWARD

The editor announces the award of the \$25 bi-monthly prize for the best poem in the current issue is divided between *Jaguar* by E. Merrill Root and *Valedictory of Autolycus* by William Griffith. Particular commendation is given *To Robinson Jeffers* by Arthur N. Nethercot and *Sparrows* by Geoffrey Johnson.

#### NEW CONTRIBUTORS

New contributors in this issue include Naomi Katz of Los Angeles, Calif.; Katharine B. Swift of Rochester, N. Y., and Roger L. Waring of San Antonio, Texas. From Susanville, Calif., comes Francis Drake. Samuel Kutnick resides in Cleveland, Ohio. The editor offers a group of his own verses instead of the customary editorial in prose, in this number, inasmuch as these verses are of a philosophic nature.

#### YAHVEH

I like old things,—old houses Time has mellowed,  
Old gardens where the roses know the walls;  
Old books whose pages are bedimmed and yellowed,  
Old clocks that ticked a hundred Springs and  
Falls.

I like old faiths,—accustomed venerations,  
Old laws, though they be reasonless to keep;  
I like an old God who for generations  
Was dragged along the ages by his Sheep.

—NAOMI C. KATZ.

